

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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NO. 55.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

MT. SALEM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—G. C. Lyon had a very fine cow killed by lightning on the morning of the 5th.

—T. C. Jasper sold to Mrs. Jane Cloyd on the 4th a good huggy horse for \$150.

—Corn in this section is said not to be turning out so well as was expected a while back.

—There is some sickness in this section, mostly cholera morbus. Sam Moore is down very low with typhoid fever.

—Bob Smith and John Carroll have 12 acres of very fine tobacco in this section, two of which they challenge the county to beat. Some leaves measured 42 inches in length and 2 1/2 in breadth. If any other tobacco raised in Lincoln can surpass this we would like to hear from him.

—G. W. Rife started to Kansas on the 8th. Mrs. T. C. Jasper has been on the sick list for the past week but is now getting better. Miss Naomi Jones is now on a visit to relatives in Jacksonville, Minn.

John J. Eves, Thos. R. Eves, Elijah Collins and Henry Austin started on the 10th for south western Kansas with their families.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died, on Thursday, September 1, 1885, at 3 o'clock P. M., of brain fever, Lewis Jackson, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hayden, aged six years and nine months.

In the quiet and beautiful city of the dead—Buffalo Cemetery—is his new made grave. Yes, cruel death came into the happy home and took from its circle its brightest gem, "Little Jackie," as he was familiarly called. He was a child of budding promise and beauty, sweet and winning ways, and loved by all who knew him. Oh how he will be sadly missed in the home circle, where he was dearly loved and cherished! No more will they see his form or face; no more will they hear his merry laugh; never again will they behold him in his accustomed place at the festive board, morn, noon and night. No; he has gone from earth forever. The vacant chair is there, but Jackie has gone. Ah! the choicest lamb in all the flock is lost—the fairest flower in all the field is gone, whose going has left a golden rift upon the choir of memory. Though he has gone, yet will he live in their hearts forever, and many and sweet are the memories that cluster around their darling boy. After a few more days they shall gather him back to their bosoms in that eternal land where the blighting dew of death never falls; where "adieu and farewell are a sound unknown." The place beside vacant in those bereaved hearts can never be filled with another image. And many are the tears they've shed for him who now "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." But, fond parents, why weep ye over the little casket of clay that so lately bore the precious jewel as it lies cold and motionless in its serene beauty? So sweet and so lovely is the pulse that it secures the hallowed spirit "hangs round it still." But no.

"The soul alone that in the grave must rest; The soul—the life—the spirit, it is blessed— Surprisingly blessed, in house not made with hands. Mansion of light, home of the angel bands."

A brief conflict with disease transferred Jackie from the home circle which his presence ever gladdened, to the "beautiful land" leaving aching hearts to mourn his loss. But God called him to himself, and our loss is his eternal gain; for he has won the victory without fighting the battle; has gained the crown without having to bear the cross. Thus was this bud of promise transferred to the celestial garden to bloom and expand through all eternity. Sweet, consoling thought to the bereaved parents, that on the golden shore they may again grasp their angel boy.

"There in the land of the blest, Where the spirit of Jackie has flown, They may lay all their sorrows to rest, And claim him forever their own. The beautiful City of Light, Gates of pearl and its crystal stream, Is their angel boy's home day and night, Where he's waiting and watching for them."

A Friend, MAGUIE E. Crab Orchard, Ky., Sept. 6, 1885.

AN ITEM FOR DENTISTS.—There is nothing new under the sun, and not even the modern inventor of artificial teeth can claim the honor of having been the first to supply gap to human teeth with the subtil of mastication knives. This has recently been proven by Indian antiquarians, who have discovered false teeth in a human skull which has been excavated in an ancient Egyptian cemetery with many other curiosities at present safely stowed away at the museum of antiquities at Corneto in Tuscany. The sepulcher out of which the skull was taken dates according to experts, from the fifth or sixth century B. C., and the false teeth are nothing but animal fat tached to the human teeth by means of small gold plates. —[St. James' Gazette.]

An intelligent lady asked a sculptor who was about to complete the figure of a laub: "Did you cut out that animal?" "Oh, no," said the artist, "the laub has been here all the time; I only took the marble from around him."

BASE BALL.

[BY OUR SPORTING EDITOR.]

The most exciting game witnessed this season was played on the 8th at the Montgomery grounds between the home team and the Danville boys. The home team was victorious. Hiner occupied the box for the visitors and was batted freely by the home team. In the second inning the home boys secured five hits off of him, one of which was a two bagger by Penny, which brought in two scores. Hume pitched for the home boys and as usual did excellent work.

A very marked improvement has taken place in the playing of the home team. Their base running is perfect, but they are lamentably deficient in throwing. This can be remedied by practice and the management will see to it that it is done.

Innings..... 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 T.
Stanford..... 0 4 0 0 2 0 0 0 6
Danville..... 0 0 0 0 2 2 1 0 5
Runs Earned—Stanford 4; Danville 0. Struck Out—By Hume 3; by Hiner 1. Wild Pitches—By Hume 2; by Hiner 0. Passed Balls—By Bellman 0; by Harper 2. Two Base Hits—Stanford 3, Penny. Double Plays—Stanford, Bellman and Struck, 2. Batter Hit—By Hume 1. Umpire—P. M. McRoberts.

Bellman caught the game without a passed ball.

George Dunn did some excellent work at short stop. He played the whole game without an error.

Our boys are entitled to the blue string as the champion sluggers of the league.

The Stanford and Danville team are tied for the second place in the race for the league pennant.

Nelson, Struck and McRoberts, the first, second and third basemen, played a regular professional game Tuesday. The club that takes them for a soft snap will be left.

The following gives the standing of the several clubs to date: The Stanfords have played ten games, won 5, lost 5 and have 5 to play; Somersets, played 13, won 4, lost 9, to play 3; Harrodsburgs, played 12, won 3, lost 9, to play 4; Danvilles, played 12, won 6, lost 6, to play 4; Nicholasvilles, played 12, won 10, lost 2, to play 4.

The Nicholasville team will be here Friday and Saturday. The first game will be called at 3:30 o'clock, the second at 9:30 Saturday morning. The Nicholasville boys are by far the best in the league and the best game of the season is expected. The indications are that the largest crowd of the season will be in attendance.

Don't forget the supper to night for the benefit of the boys. All of the good things of the season have been prepared, and the prettiest girls in the county will be in attendance to superintend the affair. Come everybody.

Miss Fannie Mills, of Sandusky, O., is a young woman who has a positive genius for feet, and possesses the high honor of wearing the largest shoes in the country, her number being twenty-nines. Her shoes have always been made to order, and until recently in her own State, but now that Miss Fannie is old enough to go into society, her father has had a handsome pair of kid tops manufactured, and the shoemaker who constructed them had them on exhibition in his show window, where the attracted great attention and elicited many expressions of admiration. The material of which are made would have sufficient to manufacture eight pair of ordinary ladies' shoes. The soles are cork and the shoes are button tops. The length from stem to stem is nineteen inches, and the breadth of the beam is seven and a half inches. The "waist" of the shoe is 1 1/2 inches, the instep measurement 19 1/2 inches, and the ball nineteen inches. The top of the shoe measures 20 1/2 inches in circumference. The heels are five and a half inches wide and four and a half inches long. Four chrome skids were used to line the shoes, and they cost Mr. Mills \$15, beside the freight to Sandusky. Mr. Mills is a well-to-do farmer, and Miss Fannie is a pretty blonde, weighing 160 pounds, and of ordinary height.

ONE THING HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND.—"One thing I can't understand," said a young husband to-day, "is how quick a young woman can forget some things. A year ago, when I was courting my wife, I had only to say music, and she was ready to knock a spavined old piano her father owned clear off its legs; but now that she has a \$600 artificial I bought her with a contribution taken among the Blaine boys last fall, I can't get her to play the simplest tune. She's so out of practice, and can't remember a note! She remembers all the fool things I used to say to her, and throws them at me pat enough when I don't happen to agree with her views of life, but when it comes to remembering the accomplishments that brought out the compliments, she can't be depended on. What a pity it is that young people can't go courting always, resting satisfied with the assurance that their respective parents were married!"

It is said that the annual consumption of genuine ivory is that produced by 65,000 elephants. At this rate of consumption the supply will hardly be long maintained.

American hangmen now import their ropes from England in order to get something which will look well and at the same time not chafe the neck.

Budinos are now bred at Goodrich, Ky., and budino calves sell at \$50 a head, whereas the earth shook beneath the onward tramp of 10,000 hoofs.

WOMAN'S FAITH IN MAN.—Men come home utterly discouraged; their best efforts have failed; self esteem has sunk within them until hope is quite extinguished. What does a woman do under such circumstances? Just what she ought to do. She revives his waning manhood by praise. She shows him every particle of her own loving recognition of all there is in him. She knows him best of any, whose love has never admitted the existence of his faults, tells him in her own way how good and truly great he is. He may be neither good nor great except her love and confidence endow him with goodness and greatness, but the endowment is genuine; the man arouses to find himself the possessor of gifts he hardly imagined, and with a new-born strength, goes to work in a way that conquers obstacles, and makes his life a success.

Gloomy indeed must the household be where woman's divine faith in man is inoperative; where it fails to infuse and inspire him with the courage that makes him feel himself the peer of other men. —[Helen Wilkins in the Woman's World.]

CAN NOT GET RID OF THEIR PREACHER.—A well known deacon is responsible for the following: The weakest point in our Baptist machinery is the lack of some plan for relieving the churches of pastors who refuse to resign after it is manifested to all disinterested persons that a change is desirable. As it is now, pastors often hold on simply for the fear that they can get no other place should they resign. All other denominations have some safety valve just here; but the Baptists have none. The pastor has to die or there must be a blow-up in order to get rid of him. There is something in that view of the matter. For one to hold on when his work is done—hold on just for fear that he could not do as well for himself if he were to give place to a more acceptable minister—is a bad thing. —[Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.]

COURTSHIP IN UTAH.—"Well, good night, dearest George; I hope you will reach home safely. Can not you call again to-morrow evening?" "No, dearest. To-morrow evening I go to see Ethelinda." "Well, the evening after?" "Sorry; but that's Angelina's night. It's a fact, dearest Aurora. Every night in the week is occupied now, and I have three matinees to do besides. But cheer up, dearest, we'll have a grand wedding some of these days, when I will be able to clasp you all to my heart, never more to separate." Then, pressing a fond kiss on his darling's lips the lover takes his departure. —[Exchange.]

Jefferson Davis has been interviewed on his Mississippi plantation. He made the announcement that he "had left the war behind him and with it public life." He devotes his time to literary and philosophic pursuits. Sir Walter Scott is his favorite author. "Among poets he regards Byron the greatest. Moore is the perfection of harmony, while Burns expresses human feeling. The three—Byron, Moore and Burns—make a complete combination. Bulwer, among modern novelists, is perhaps the greatest." He is also a close student of the Bible. Finally, he is an expert at euchre.

DANVILLE, KY., Feb. 27, 1882.—I think I have fully tested the "Famous Tooth Wash" you sent me, and can recommend it as a most excellent detergent, and by its tonic qualities promotive of the health and firmness of the gums. Good cleaning tends to restore and preserve the natural whiteness of teeth, and is really the only security against decay, as well after dental operation as before, and the "Famous" is so pleasant to use that with the happy consciousness it gives of a clean mouth, clean teeth, a pure breath, it may be placed among the rare luxuries. Respectfully, Sam'l Ayers, D. D. S. Prepared only by Famous Chemical Co., Louisville. For sale by M. L. Bourne, Stanford.

Asked by a Louisville Times' representative who he thought was the greatest man this country had produced, he said: "Daniel Webster had the biggest brain, the greatest intellect; Henry Clay was the greatest orator, and Calhoun the greatest legislator. Calhoun was a perfectly pure man; he was without spot or blemish. But, take him up one side and down the other, all in all, Andrew Jackson was incomparably the greatest man I ever knew. He was my ideal. I never saw one like him."

A short time ago a rat got into the cage of a cunny belonging to a Buffalo woman and killed the bird. The woman returned in time to trap the rat in the cage, and kept it there six days without food or drink, till it died of starvation. To further satisfy her vengeance she would at times prod the rat with a red hot knitting-needle. She also tortured it by giving it some vitriol in a spoon and a red pepper pill. It is also related that when it died she cried because she could no longer punish it.

A whipping-post is a necessity in Kentucky, and the next Legislature will establish it if the press will do its duty. It would save the lives of many convicts who die of disease in our over crowded penitentiaries. It would deter from crime a large class for whom the penitentiary has no terrors. —[Woodford Sun.]

An enterprising, reliable house. Penny & McAllister can always be relied upon not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency of such articles as have well known merit and are popular with the people, thereby insuring the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

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GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—The personal property of the late Col. Bruce was appraised at \$10,000 Wednesday. —Gen. Upton and Miss Maggie Moore obtained marriage licenses Tuesday. Wednesday, documents of a similar nature were issued to Tris Mason and Miss Bettie Bente. All are residents of Garrard.

—The case against Mr. W. K. Pearce, charged with attempted rape on the person of Mrs. Tom Cecil, has, we are glad to say, been amicably settled by all parties concerned. It was developed that the affair amounted to nothing and as all the parties are closely connected and warm friends they did the most sensible thing in settling it peaceably.

—Court Notes.—Henry Clay, colored, who was charged with the killing of John Hunt, a colored youth, on the eve of last election, was given three years in the penitentiary, the jury returning a verdict to that effect Wednesday evening. Gov. Knott remitted the \$25 fine and ten days imprisonment against W. C. Montgomery for carrying concealed weapons.

—Miss Mattie Engleman, of Boyle, is the guest of Miss Lizzie Huffman. Miss Almira Goodlee has returned from an extended visit to Lexington and other points. James R. Brown, of Chicago, is visiting his father here. Miss Ray B. Lillard, of Lawrenceburg, is the guest of her brother, Mr. E. W. Lillard, at Mrs. Hemphill's. Eld. Morris Evans and Rev. W. S. Grinstead are at Versailles attending Conference. Mr. John Woodcock has returned from Danville and Somerset. Col. Wm. McKee Duncan, of Louisville, is attending Circuit Court here. John E. Stormes has returned from Rock Castle Springs.

The Austrian Empire is composed of quite a number of different nationalities, among them Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians and Croats, the characteristics of which are portrayed in the following anecdote:—

Four Austrian soldiers were quartered over night at the house of a peasant. In the morning after they had resumed their march the Pole said:—

"Comrades, that peasant had a very fine watch."

"We should have taken it along with us," observed the Hungarian.

"I've got the watch," said the Bohemian.

"You did have it, but I've got it now," remarked the Croat, closing the debate. He had already stolen it from his comrades. —[Sittings.]

The other day 200 women called on Maxwell, the murderer of Praller, at St. Louis, who is confined in jail. They brought for the blood stained Britton, flowers, books and dainties of various kinds. We hardly know which to pity the more, the man who will take the life of his fellow-man, or the simple women who have so little sense as to make a martyr of such a monster. We do not believe in our murderers being petted just as soon as they get behind the bars. It is paying a premium for blood-shed. —[Madisonville Times.]

"You have missed great opportunities, Colonel," said a man at a funeral of a friend. "Now, here is our friend P. died and left \$100,000. You and he began life together. You haven't saved your money and he did." "Yes," assented the Colonel, "and there he is in a coffin, going on a long journey without a cent in his pocket, while I'm alive and got a \$20 note in mine." The first speaker lost interest in the conversation.

The Mount Vernon estate was bought by public subscription for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. —[Washington Post.]

Positive Cure for Piles. To the people of this county we would say that we have been the Agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Cathartic, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchal, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

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W. L. DAWSON is a candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS is a candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

English & Classical School
Christian College Building,
HUSTONVILLE, KY.

The Third Annual Session will open Wednesday SEPT. 10, 1885. Course of instruction thorough. Development of the mind the end to be attained. Terms reasonable. For circulars apply to MISS H. BURKIN, Principals.

MILLERSBURG
FEMALE COLLEGE

This popular school for young ladies will be reopened, under entirely new auspices, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1885.

Rev. C. Pope, of Augusta, Ga., as President.

Mrs. S. C. Trueheart as Lady Principal.

Aided by one of the most Competent and Experienced faculties in the State. Parents may rest assured of the most thorough training of their daughters in all that pertains to mind, manners and morals, it committed to our care.

For catalogue containing information as to terms, &c., address REV. C. POPE, Millersburg, Ky. Or MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, Stanford, Ky.

Stanford Female College,
STANFORD, KY.

ALEX. S. PAXTON, A. B. Pres.

The text of this well-known institution will begin on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1885.

—The President assisted by—

A Corps of Efficient Instructors.

Will endeavor to give careful training and thorough instruction to the pupils committed to his charge. Terms reasonable. Send for circular.

TESTIMONIALS:

[From J. J. White, Professor of Greek.]

WASHINGTON & LEE UNIVERSITY.

LEXINGTON, VA., July 15, 1882.

Mr. Alex. S. Paxton graduated at this Institution in 1861. Has been engaged in teaching since the war, and being capable and conscientious, has been very successful in his profession.

[From James A. Walker, recently Lieut.-Governor of Virginia.]

NEWBURN, VA., June 20, 1872.

It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the qualifications and efficiency of Mr. Alex. S. Paxton as a teacher. His discipline is kind, but firm and good.

[From the Rev. J. Rice Bowman, D. D.]

HARRISONBURG, VA., July 4, 1882.

I take pleasure in testifying to Mr. Alex. S. Paxton's high literary attainments, his zeal in his profession, his facility in imparting instruction and his conscientious regard for the moral as well as the intellectual development of the youth committed to his care.

[From S. P. Hall, Sec. Board of Trustees Bolivar Academy.]

MADISONVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1879.

Prof. Alex. S. Paxton taught in Bolivar Male & Female Academy. His general deportment was that of a refined, Christian gentleman. In the school room he proved himself a ripe scholar, a thorough and efficient instructor and a good disciplinarian.

SALE OF STOCK!

As Executors of James Crow, dec'd, we will, at his late residence, four miles Northwest of Stanford, on the Stanford & Shelby City pike, sell at public auction

On Tuesday, September 22, 1885,

The following property, to-wit:

Four broke Mules, 1 2-year-old Mule, 1 yearling Mule, 1 large yoke of Cattle, 1 yearling Steer, 1 yearling Heifer, 2 Calves, 2 very fine thoroughbred Cows, 1 thoroughbred Bull, 1 aged Jennet, 1 Jack Colt, 1 Jack 3 years old in September, over 15 hands high and one of the best in the State for his age; about 12 head of hogs, 100 gallons of very fine Blackberry Wine, about 4 years old, 20 barrels of old corn, 50 bushels of old wheat, 150 barrels of new corn in the field, 3 stacks of hay, several thousand bundles of oats, a lot of bacon and lard, together with all the farming implements, consisting of plows, harrows, 1 wheat drill, 1 mower, 3 farm wagons, among them 1 two-horse wagon, nearly new, 1 spring wagon, 1 hay rake, 1 buggy and harness, wagon and plow gear, and various other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms reasonable and made known on day of sale.

O. J. & C. C. CROW, Exrs.,

Stanford, Ky.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

Stock, Crop, &c.

As Administrator of J. B. Bruce, dec'd, I will offer for sale at his late residence in Harrodsburg county 8 miles from Lancaster, on Dix River on

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1885.

—All of the—

PERSONAL PROPERTY

On the Farm on which he resided at the time of his death, consisting in part as follows:

51 Two-year-old cattle.

34 head of extra Yearling Steers.

14 Cows and Heifers, mostly thoroughbred.

3 thoroughbred Bull Calves.

1 Heifer Colt, thoroughbred.

1 three-year-old Bull, very fine animal.

9 splendid Work Mules.

20 pure bred Short-wool Sheep, Bucks and Ewes.

1 thoroughbred Colt, by Harry O'Fallon.

1 extra nice Yearling Colt, by Barney Wilkes.

1 thoroughbred Mare.

1 family Horse.

10 Hogs.

320 bushels Seed Wheat.

75 bushels of Barley.

Lot of old Corn.

45 Acres of growing Corn.

16 stacks of Hay.

2 stacks of Oats.

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Wagons and Farming Implements in great variety and of the very best, including one new Osborn binder, 2 good Wagons, 1 Cart, Harrows, Sulky Plows, Double Shovels, Drills, Mowers, Rock Tools, saws, Wagon Beds, Rockaway, 2 Buggies and Harness, Wagon and Plow Gear, &c., &c. Terms—For all sums of \$20 and under, cash; over that amount, four months' credit. Bonds with approved security required, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent, per annum, payable to the Administrator.

Sale to begin at 10 A. M.

For further particulars, call on or address J. F. Robinson, on the grounds, postoffice Lancaster, Ky.

J. L. BRUCE, Adminr.,

T. D. ENGLISH, Auc. (St-21) Danville, Ky.

LEE F. HUFFMAN, DENTIST, STANFORD, KY. Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist, STANFORD, KENTUCKY. Office on Lancaster street, next door to Interior Journal office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. (15-17).

LUMBER! All classes of Building Material for sale at my premises on the Hustonville pike. 47-1m F. REID, Stanford.

Small Farm For Sale! Situated 2 1/2 miles from Stanford on the Danville pike, containing 6 1/2 Acres in a high state of cultivation, new dwelling with 4 rooms and kitchen, two never-failing springs, &c. Add no 62-1m W. L. DAWSON, Stanford.

ICE! ICE! ICE! I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at ONE CENT PER POUND. Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits. 19-1r R. E. BARROW.

—AT— Masonheimer's Restaurant —OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE— DANVILLE, KENTUCKY. Meals served at all hours. Game always on hand and in the season. Orders for fresh fish, and similar delicacies served in all styles and on short notice. Look out for the sign "Woodbine Restaurant" and call when you are hungry. F. W. MASONHEIMER & CO., Danville, Ky.

PIANOS, ORGANS, MUSIC, &c. We are agents for

W. P. WALTON.

MURPHY was bragging in Danville this week about how solid he was with Knott, Johnson and others, whom he characterized as the nicest fellow living. The mutual admiration seems to have been a society of recent growth, for on the 29th of June, 1883, Murphy published this editorial in his paper: "The Frankfort Yeoman, our ancient foe, is nothing if not vituperative to Union men, Northern men and all republicans. It has not drawn a loyal breath for twenty years. And as an organ it grinds out doleful dirges without the slightest regard for its neighbor's feelings!" In the same issue in response to an article in the *Courier Journal* intimating that it was a condescension for Knott to meet Morrow in debate he asks: "Why is it a condescension for a man who, in violation of every principle of decency and honor, as a representative of the great American people, concealed testimony in order to destroy the character of one of our greatest public men, to meet Col. Morrow, who is a gentleman? Why is it a condescension for a man who stole his nomination for governor to meet a gallant soldier, an able statesman and an honest man?" Was Gov. Knott only returning good for evil when he telegraphed the Secretary of the Treasury: "My compliments, and please retain Capt. Murphy at Frankfort."

THE *Yeoman* is forced to admit that "every issue of Murphy's paper contained a batch of stereotyped slanders against the democratic party, the Southern people, and in the late campaign especially, against the democratic candidate for President, but we doubt if it ever influenced a vote or accomplished anything more than a Federal appointment for its editor, Capt. D. A. Murphy." Grant that it didn't influence a vote. The will was there all the same and the foul creature is a pretty specimen for the chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee to endorse, and plead for his retention in office. Col. Johnston should resign his office at once. A Judas Iscariot is not the proper individual to direct the affairs of the democratic party in Kentucky.

THE *Lexington Transcript* contains this rank and treasonable utterance, and will thereby, no doubt, incur the lasting enmity of the Blackburn crowd: "Judge Durham is as much an honor to Kentucky as is Senator Blackburn, and is as highly esteemed as any Kentuckian. Indeed, if we were going to draw a parallel between Messrs. Durham and Blackburn we should say that to Kentucky Judge Durham is the most valuable man of the two. We regret to see any exhibition of hostility or jealousy between our public men. It can do them no good in the eyes of Kentuckians, and we trust if there is any ill feeling on the part of Senator Blackburn to Judge Durham, he will have the good sense and consideration to conceal it."

THE *Covington Commonwealth* says: "It is a hasty judgment which demands a repeal of the act creating the Board of Equalization. It has already done good work in equalizing assessments—a thing most urgently demanded in this State—and when it fully gets the hang of the shop will no doubt do still better." With competent men in office the law would no doubt be a good one, but a majority of the present members, including the one from our district, don't know any more than the asses or if as much.

If the democracy of this section had known when Knott was a candidate for the office he now holds, he would have used the influence of that office to retain in place a disgusting and dirty republican against a clever and deserving democrat, they would have voted for Col. Morrow, for they know him to be an honest man, who does not preach the doctrines of one party and act those of the other. Gov. Knott would do himself credit by resigning.

SENATOR BLACKBURN wrote to Secretary Manning: "I believe that Judge Durham alone was pressing the removal of Murphy and the appointment of Mr. Grubbs, and I desire to protest against his being the only counsel submitted for the information of the department. This I desire to do with every sentiment of respect for you, but with all proper earnestness." This exhibition of hyphenic jealousy is as mean as it is disgusting.

GEORGE W. CHILDS states that Gen. Grant conceded the rightful election of Mr. Tilden, and promoted the Electoral Commission because he supposed it would insure the triumph of justice and the inauguration of Mr. Tilden. This seems rather in the nature of news since at the time the fraud was perpetrated it was said that Grant was gathering the troops at Washington to inaugurate Hayes at all hazards.

THE President is back in Washington looking and feeling better for his stay in the mountains. It is said that he was hard at work in his office two hours after his return and that he is going right in now to turn the screws on his short order.

A NEW YORK paper enthusiastically exclaims: Better times are coming, and business men and bankers say the outlook is bright and encouraging. Let everybody feel good and hopeful. This country is bound to prosper and go ahead.

Now that a month with an "r" has arrived it may interest the lovers of the toothsome bivalve to know that the oyster industry of the United States employs 52,805 persons, and yields 22,195,370 bushels, valued at \$250,438,952.

THE Louisville *Times* touches a popular chord when it says: Reform of the jury system of Kentucky should be the study of every member-elect of the Legislature. Under the present system intelligence is often barred the jury-box, and the professional juror is abroad in the land. We had better juries when no pay was allowed them for service. Perhaps it would be well enough to continue the per diem compensation, but a man should not be excluded from service because of opinion unless the opinion he disavows with bias or prejudice. The pettyfogger studies jury-fixing more than he does Blackstone, and there are lawyers, so called, all over the Commonwealth who make a specialty of this nefarious practice. If a few shyers were dishonored matters would be improved.

JOSEPH PULTZER, editor of the New York *World*, and a member of the next Congress, announces that "he will accept no favors from the Administration." "Nobody asked you, sir, she said." What an ass is this spider-legged ex-cook on a flat-boat, toady and man-of-convenience for Sillson Hutchings. Ten years ago he would fly at Hutchings' command to summon a carriage for his master, and, like any other toady, obsequiously open and close the door for him. Now he sneers at his superiors and refuses to recognize the President of the United States. Great is the cheek and Pulitzer is its prophet. [Louisville *Times*.]

THE would-be bosses, Johnson, Knott and Blackburn must chew the cud of disappointment. Their special friend and protégé, Murphy, has been fired and Capt. W. E. Grubbs, a capahla architect and a gentleman, will hereafter superintend the Frankfort building. It is sad for the clique but it can't be cured and consequently must be endured. The same set backed Thompson for all it was worth and got left and now we may expect to hear them howl indeed. But the regency had better go slow, a day of terrible reckoning for them is coming on apace.

BLACKBURN'S protest against "Durham being the only counsel submitted for the information of the department" seems to have been of no avail. Judge Durham, backed by the honest democracy of the State, can beat the "Roaring Wind of the Blue Grass" and his cohorts every time and give them two in the game. And it is well for honest government that it is so.

THE Chicago *Current* is not doomed to die, although its editor, Mr. E. L. Wake-man, has shut himself up in a Wisconsin monastery. His name has been taken off and Messrs. G. C. Matthews and John McGovern announce that it will be issued weekly, without missing a single number.

THE proudest man over the Murphy removal is Judge Charles E. Kincaid, who deserves great credit for the part he took in the matter as the Louisville *Times* Washington correspondent. But he has secured the lasting hatred of "Stod," "Jodie," "Proc," "Billy," etc.

COLLECTOR HUNTER WOOD, of the Hopkinsville district, has made a clean sweep of his office and left not a single republican to tell the tale. Let the other Collectors follow suit as soon as possible, if not sooner.

COL. JOHNSTON is out in a two-column article in which he endeavors to explain out of the Murphy recommendation business but it is one of these explanations that do not explain. Col. Johnston must go.

It is suggested that since Murphy has been thrown out of a job, that Col. Stoddard Johnston shall give him a position on the *Yeoman*. Make him editor-in-chief.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—A pistol totter staid in jail at Richmond seven months for the fun.

—Rev. Charles W. Price, a Presbyterian clergyman of Cherokee, Kan., hanged himself Sunday.

—The examining trial of Kaelin, the Louisville wife murderer, resulted in his being held for trial without bail.

—Dr. J. E. Roberts and wife, an aged couple of Lexington, were instantly killed while crossing the C & O track near town.

—J. W. Simpson, of North Middleton, was found dead in a hotel at Covington, with a half emptied box of morphine by his side.

—The city of Louisville has filed suit against David Ferguson, late Tax Collector, for \$125,000, alleging that he embezzled that sum.

—Bills will be introduced at the coming session of Congress for the admission of Dakota, Washington and New Mexico Territories as States.

—The Washington correspondents have organized for the purpose of publishing a weekly newspaper, to which each member will contribute.

—Mat M. Gay, who skipped from Bonr-hon county and left about \$10,000 in debt behind, has offered to settle with his creditors at fifty cents on the dollar.

—At Coney Island, the horse Revenge fell and broke his neck. The jockey, Ford, was crushed beneath the feet of the horse following and was picked up dead.

—A terrible cyclone swept over Washington C. H., O., Tuesday by which 400 houses were wrecked, eighteen lives lost, and a total damage of at least \$600,000 inflicted.

—So far as heard from not a dollar has been received by the Western Union for the Grant fund since placards announcing that subscriptions would be received were displayed.

—Burglars drilled a hole in the post-office safe at Lawrenceburg and filled it with powder, but the explosion failed to open the safe and the report bringing P. M. Williams to the scene, the rebels failed to get the \$700 it held.

—The Western Union Telegraph Co. has already made \$1,450,000 net this year.

—The prohibitionists of New York nominated H. Clay Bascomb, of Troy, for Governor.

—The end of the municipal fiscal year (August 31) closed with a balance of \$176,149 in the Louisville treasury.

—Flannelley, the Lexington editor who was thrashed by a bull, has sued him for \$3,000. The use of a shot-gun would have been more appropriate.

—Walker W. Lanham has resigned his place as Chief Deputy in Col. Bronet's office at Richmond and the whole office force is now democratic. [News.]

—Mrs. Mulligan, the widow of Col. Thos. A. Mulligan, killed during the war at Lexington, Mo., has been appointed Pension Agent at Chicago, vice Miss Ada Sweet.

—The American Bell Telephone Company has commenced a suit in the United States Court at Louisville against the Overland Telephone Companies at Lexington and Richmond.

—Gov. Hoadley has issued a proclamation calling for assistance for the sufferers by Tuesday's cyclone, which destroyed a million of dollars worth of property and left hundreds of people homeless.

—The Sheriff has arrested twenty-two of the supposed leaders of the Rock Springs (Wyoming) massacre of Chinese, including Isiah Whitehouse, a member elect of the Legislature. More arrests will follow. The charges against the prisoners are murder and arson, rioting and robbery. The last one of them should be hung.

—It seems that we were wrongly informed in saying, a few days ago, that the immediate friends of the Hon. Thomas L. Jones had said he would not be a candidate for Governor. He has authorized no one to make such a statement. Whether he will be a candidate or not time will develop. [Covington Commonwealth.]

—What the democracy of Kentucky needs is a plan of recognizing the State Central Committee so that its members will be representatives of the people. At present the committee selects members to fill all vacancies, and thus forms a most powerful ring, against which the people have no defense, and which is fast disrupting the party. [Lexington Transcript.]

—For large women, Cave City pits herself against any place possessing an equal number of inhabitants, in the State. Residing in that place, and neighborhood immediately around it, are seventeen women whose aggregate weight foots up three thousand five hundred and thirty-three pounds. The most of these ladies are married to small men. May kind Providence have mercy on the husbands. [Glasgow Times.]

LAST year Brother Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, was chief of an excursion party composed of young ladies. On their return, to express their gratitude for the old man's untiring courtesies, they presented him with an elegant office-chair. The *Times* noted this fact and suggested that the next excursion party headed by him should give him a desk to match the chair. A week or two since he conducted a party of Lincoln county's incomparable beauties through Mammoth Cave. Returning to his work he found a splendid new desk in front of the chair and the *Times* suggestion an accomplished fact. But for a whole-some dread of the consequences the next article suggested by us for the old man would be a piece of household furniture for which he has never yet seemed to have any use. But we will let that pass. [Louisville Times.]

The information contained above is correct so far as it goes, but how the *Times* get hold of it is a mystery to us. The desk was sent to our office and it was the hand-some and complete one we ever saw, but we thought too much of our dear friends to accept it. Thanks old bald head for making no further suggestions. We have sworn off from receiving presents.

The mountain plateau on which Monticello is situated is described in Thomas Jefferson's own words, in a letter old and brown, which says: "After much roaming in many lands I found and pitched my tent in what I believe to be one of the fairest spots on earth. This tent, which is strong enough to keep out wind and water, is set in the midst of a lofty mountain plateau. Looking around, I find myself, to all seeming in a world of my own, walled around in the far-shining silvery distances with cloud-capped mountain ranges of surpassing grandeur, rising one above another, until, apparently, the limits of the world are reached."

The Indian Summer belongs to New England. It is a Great American Myth. It was supposed by the Puritans that Providence gave about a week of warm, pleasant weather in the latter part of November to the Indians that they might make preparations for winter. Sometimes there is a spell of warm weather about that time, but more often there is not, and, like the superstition of the equinoctial storm, which comes anywhere within a month of the equinox, the Indian Summer is any spell of warm weather between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1.

In the village of Slate Hill, Orange county, N. Y., is a Baptist church which was built in 1783. It is very primitive in style, and in the gallery has a pew which was made exclusively for slaves belonging to members of the congregation, which once numbered five hundred. The church is a great curiosity now, and is visited by many strangers. [N. Y. Tribune.]

Five horses were lately killed by lightning in a singular manner at Camilla, N. Y. They stood with their necks over a wire fence, when suddenly the lightning struck the fence at a distance of 1,000 feet from the horses. The current traversed the wire, and went to ground through the horses.

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOVER, N. INDIA, Aug. 1st, 1885. DEAR INTERIOR.—The summer and with it our needful imprisonment in the hills is fast wearing away. We are already sniffing the air of freedom to go where we like in the dear LORD'S work. The rains have been exceptionally pleasant. No continuous downpours for days together. We are reaping the result of the fragments of the "rainy season" that came out of time in the early spring, this year.

Our "Troupe" is not complete this week. Will having gone down to the tea plantations in the Dehra Dhoon, on a visit to a friend, who invited him to spend some days with him at his tea estate. He writes that he is having a delightful time. He is only about 20 miles away in the valley. We are all well and happy. Praise the LORD.

I received, in a late English mail, the following from a very dear friend, who is skeptical to the core, without wishing to be a commoner case, than those who think all skeptics "dishonest and hypocritical" may be inclined to admit. I used to think so myself. I am sure now I was mistaken and uncharitable in the thought. The man who ignores the aching, almost breaking hearts, that are thickly scattered among modern "sceptics," is doing a brutal wrong to many, who, perhaps, in a coming day, will stand higher in the scale than himself. THE LOVE that "hopeth all things" is what we want in this hard age of uncharitable judgment. Well, this dear friend, wants to know what to do with these hri-ling questions, some of which I transcribe. I need not go through the whole. The substance of all, is a cry of the heart, for a God whom one can draw near and worship without terror and dread; and yet the true God of "nature" and "revelation." But here is a fragment of his letter:

"There are certain points in the scheme of redemption which men do not dwell upon; but which in my mind are most important. They are quite ready to fathom the mystery of God's anger, and to find in that an explanation of its sacrifice. When they make the examination, however, they come across one very serious stumbling block which must be dealt with. Either by removing or vaulting it. That stumbling block is a two-fold character of God (an 'unchangeable' God.) If God is Love, then He can not be hated. If He is good then He cannot be evil. And if He is forgiving He can not also be an avenger. The point is too absurd to need argument and yet men will go further and say that God redeems man from Himself to Himself. That in His anger He dooms men to everlasting death and beforehand provides a substitute for them in the person of Himself to appease His own wrath. In this argument, it must never be forgotten that Jesus is God, one and the same 'I and my Father are one.'"

And so on. You see it is the old story and the old difficulty, which must be met in some way. If it is "pooh pooh'd" in these men will perish in their unbelief. It is common to say that "they will deserve it." What a heartless judgment! I hope I am writing for those who want them saved rather; and will put themselves out of the way to save them, when they are met. Dear reader, what answer would you give to one such, coming to you with these soul troubles? It may be a practical point with you any day.

I have tried to go over part of the ground in "God's Love Story—English edition—but some further thoughts on the general subject, of a "Good God and bad devil" (which in my judgment alone throws light upon it) I send herewith. This may be helpful to thoughtful people. I wrote them out the other morning after my walk and I believe the thoughts are God given, or you may be sure I would not send them. They touch one department of the general mystery that shrouds "Redemption" to some mind; viz, that of "God made manifest in the flesh; the Word made flesh."

Denying none of the blessed lessons, "commonly believed among us" concerning the "mystery of godliness" and rejoicing in all the manifold combinations of grace that can be extracted from the glorious fact, there is lack of them all, another significant, that is commonly overlooked, while the heart dwells with commendable rapture on the sweet lessons of "substitution," and "brotherhood" that fill the very words.

I mean the hiding of the glory in the disguise of an earthly covering, so that it needed true spiritual insight to discover divinity in the concealing drapery of humanity. "Verily thou art a God who hidest Thyself." This was the living word. "Flesh and blood" could not reveal the hidden glory:—Only the "Father in heaven." He—the character alone, we may infer from the Savior's words—could tell men the difference between the "Son of Man" and the "Christ, the Son of the Living God." I must know God—not as a Creator, but as Father or Christ; a person re-veals a mystery.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE]

—A mob visited the jail at Murfreesboro, Ark., Sunday night, for the purpose of executing the two Pulk boys, convicted for murder, and being unable to gain admission to the prison, set it on fire, destroying the lives of the prisoners, as well as the building. The victims had had several trials, all resulting in conviction. The State Supreme Court recently granted them another trial.

—It took five strong men to attach a ball and chain to Lizzie Banks, an Owensboro woman, and then she stood all day in the sun without food or drink, stubbornly refusing to raise the hammer from the stone pile.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Blinds, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Solemen: W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF TAYLOR BROS. HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large fresh and well selected stock of CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arranged as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Penny & M'Alister

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DEALERS IN—Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

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The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

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—AND— Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Secret-Weekly Interior Journal
SECRET SERVICE.

[English Magazine.]
There was no more promising young officer in her majesty's service than Cyril Trezire. He was smart, clever, and ambitious—just the qualities best calculated to bring a soldier to the front if only he got his chance. But luck so far had been against Trezire, and hope deferred was rapidly making this spirited young fellow quite heartless. He was beginning to think that he had better take up some other line of life, where his efforts would be more appreciated, before it was too late to climb the ladder. But just when he was about to despair the clouds broke.

The occasion arose some half a dozen years ago, just when an additional and irresistible motive lured him to get on. He had met his fate in the person of a certain Millicent Lane, the only child of an old lady who liked to be called Mrs. Coppinger-Lane—a composite name, manufactured, so to speak, by the now deceased Lane pere, who hoped thus to give social brilliancy to a fortune rather recently acquired in bona-fide and artificial manures.

Millicent Lane was very charming. A pretty, pleasing girl, with a well-bred air, thanks to her education at a first-rate school. Her mother, a worthy and well-meaning old soul, did not win on one so quickly; she was too anxious to let every one know of her country place, of her house in Birkely square, of her carriage and horses, and of the fabulous prices she paid for her own and Millicent's gowns. Even this ostentation might have been forgiven had it not gone hand in hand with a tendency to meanness. Mrs. Coppinger-Lane was always determined to have her money's worth, her "pennyworth," as she called it, and in her opinion Cyril Trezire was not a good "pennyworth" at all. They had not abroad, where she was glad enough to make use of him, for it was part of her economy to travel without a courier, and utilize any fool who offered himself instead. Back in London it was altogether another affair. Mrs. Lane had made inquiries, and had come to the conclusion that Mr. Trezire was by no means an eligible party. He was a gentleman, an officer, and all that; but he was poor, and without particular honor in his profession. No; he was not Mrs. Lane's money's worth, and, hoping to nip all foolishness in the bud, she forbade him the house.

Finding Millicent still hankered after the soldier, Mrs. Lane decided to break up her house in Berkeley square and winter abroad. The news that the Lanes were just starting, via Brindisi, for Egypt, spread greatly on Trezire's spirits.

"You look very glum. What is the matter with you?" asked a soldier friend, who was just then private secretary to a great man at the war office, deep in all the secrets of government policy.

"I want to go to Egypt for very particular reasons at once."

"Do you? By Jove! I can help you, I think—part of the way, at any rate. You remain at the club for the next half hour. I dare say I shall have something to tell you by then to your advantage, as they say in the advertisements."

Within the half hour Trezire received a letter.

"Come over at once," it ran; "the chief wants to see you. Don't lose a moment."

"Col. Marsh tells me that you are prepared to undertake a long journey," said the great man when Trezire was ushered before him. "When can you start?"

"Now; if you only give me time to get a few things from my lodgings in Piccadilly," was the prompt reply.

"It is only fair to tell you exactly what we want you to do. We wish you to take charge of a rather bulky parcel as far as the British fleet. All your expenses shall be paid handily, but we cannot acknowledge you as our agent."

"A secret mission, in fact?"

"Exceedingly secret. I will be plain with you. We have heard from the fleet that they are short of dynamite, and it may be necessary to force the passage of the Dardanelles. There is no time, you understand, to send out a parcel by sea, as the stuff must reach the admiral within the next week, and, therefore, it must be overland. What do you say?"

"I should have to take it as part of my baggage, I presume, in an ordinary portmanteau, amongst my shirts?"

"Precisely. As private baggage, entirely on your own account. You quite understand?"

"I think so. If an explosion occurred and I survived, which is hardly probable, I should be hanged; if only discovered without the dynamite, I should go to some foreign jail. I see the dangers, sir, and am quite prepared to face them but on one condition—that I am to have a staff appointment in the very next campaign."

The general readily complied with the condition, and that night Trezire was seated in the mail train for Paris. His baggage, amongst it being the portmanteau containing the dangerous explosive, was registered through to Turin. One part only of his compromising cargo he retained in his possession. These were the detonators, sticks of dynamite, and a chinch, which, wrapped up in cotton wool, were carefully packed in the center of his dressing-bag, and this bag he kept in his own hands and under his own eye.

Arriving in Paris soon after daylight, he transferred himself from the Gare du Nord to the Gare du Lyon. He was in excellent time for the through mail train, and he met at the station, quite by accident, of course, an official from the British embassy, who helped him—more out of personal friendship than to secure a compartment to himself. Trezire first made himself comfortable, and then kept a sharp lookout for the Lanes, whom he knew were to go on by that train.

They were late; Mrs. Lane had been haggling over her bill at the hotel, and it was not easy for them to find places in the already crowded train. Trezire at once went to their rescue.

"But what brings you here?" asked Mrs. Lane, with some suspicion, when he addressed her.

"I'm en route to Turin and Venice, first—after that I don't know. I am on a special mission."

"Taking dispatches to Constantinople; or to the British admiral, perhaps, in Basika bay?" suggested Millicent.

"Possibly. Or jewels for the sultan's first favorite—a present from the queen."

"Which you have in that dressing-bag you are so careful of," cried quick-witted Mrs. Lane, drawing her own conclusions.

"No, give me to put my feet on."

Trezire protested, but Mrs. Lane would have the bag, and kept it as a souvenir for the rest of the day, little dreaming what it contained.

On reaching Turin in the early morning, Trezire made the bag his first care, and then proceeded to clear his heavy baggage, and that of the ladies, through the Italian custom house.

The boxes were laid out upon the counter—a costly row. Mrs. Lane had half-a-dozen dress-baskets, at least; Millicent many more; and Trezire himself accompanied the two most portmanteaus owned by the Lanes. One of these latter contained the terrible parcel on which depended the young officer's present safety and future reputation.

The custom house officers cast his eyes

over the boxes critically, and selected one of the dress baskets for search.

"No, no; not that one, please, I beg of you," Mr. Trezire, don't let them open that," hastily interposed Mrs. Lane.

"Be quick!" cried the official, waxing fiercer. "Your keys, or your baggage shall be seized. Take care!"

This would not have suited Trezire at all. "My dear undain, you really must give in," said the perplexed soldier. "Why do you object to their opening that particular box? I suppose there is something liable to duty. What is it? Cigars?"

"Mr. Trezire, how can you! I've lost my keys!"

At this time the customhouse had called up his chief and two assistants.

"They must be detained, and the whole of their baggage searched," said the chief.

"You will not do that, I trust, sir," urged Trezire. "We are most anxious to go on. I am an English officer; I appeal to you as a comrade."

"I have my duty to perform, signor; you must, therefore, pardon us," replied the official, civilly but sternly. "Your keys, or the boxes must be broken open."

Trezire produced his bunch, and gave himself up for lost.

But help came when least expected. A gentleman suddenly hid him familiarly on the back, crying: "My dear Trezire! I'm delighted to see you. What is wrong?" Then, before our friend could reply, the newcomer had exchanged a rapid colloquy in Italian with the custom house officer.

"Alto!" said that official. "If they are friends of yours, Signor Consul, of course, they shall pass."

At first Trezire was at a loss to understand how he escaped. This friendly intervention came from an absolute stranger, notwithstanding the claims advanced to acquaintance. But the address, "Signor Consul," gave Trezire the key to the mystery. The British government would not hesitate to disown him, if his enterprise failed, but they were clearly watching him at every step, and were ready to help him unofficially when they could.

It was most providential, meeting your friend," said Mrs. Lane, with a sigh of relief, as they were once more whirled along in the train for Milan and Venice.

"Yes," replied Trezire, off-hand. "He is a good fellow, the consul, always ready to help a chum."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Lane, who was becoming more and more impressed with the advantages of traveling with so important a personage as Mr. Trezire. "It is indeed fortunate that we met you. But for you, I should have been in a bad way."

"You would probably have been to go," said Trezire, who had no more custom-house officers to get to Alexandria."

"And if there were," said Millicent, gratefully, "we know you would get us through them, or any other trouble."

Trezire answered gaily, for his heart was light and almost free from care. The worst part of his journey was over. They would be at Venice before nightfall, and he hoped to go straight on to the P. & O. Steamer. It was to start the same evening for Brindisi, where the admiral's dispatch-boat was to meet him.

The train reached Venice in good time, leaving them a couple of hours to spare for transferring themselves and their baggage, by a gondola, to the big steamer in the harbor.

All would have gone well, but for this baggage. The bulk of it was quickly collected, but one fatal bonnet-box of Mrs. Lane's had gone astray.

"It can be sent to you, Mrs. Lane," said Trezire, rather crossly, after search had been made high and low, but in vain, for he saw to his disgust that the time was slipping by. His journey had been calculated exactly. If he lost the steamer at Venice, he would have to wait for the next, and there was no knowing how he would be able to get on.

"Send them to me! No, no, I will never trust them to do that."

"Perhaps it will be best for me to go on ahead. I dare say I can persuade the captain of the steamer to wait half an hour."

"What! Desert us in this difficulty! Oh, Mr. Trezire, it would be mean," said Millicent.

After this Trezire had no alternative but to stay.

And everything happened as he had feared; for, although he took a gondola, with two strong rowers, they could not do the distance between the station and Danielli's in time to catch the mail.

Trezire was in despair. The ladies too, were rather unhappy. Millicent, because she saw her lover was so put out, and Mrs. Lane was thinking regretfully of certain rooms at Cairo, and of the week's rent she would have to pay for nothing. However, they all went to Danielli's for the night, where Trezire left them to put in practice a first combination he had arranged, with the hope of overcoming his unpleasant misadventure.

He had ascertained at the hotel that a train for one of the Austrian capital's, was to start the next morning, via Trieste, to Patras, in Greece. He determined to go by this alone, feeling that the companionship of the Lanes, however delightful, was embarrassing, and threatened to interfere with the success of his mission.

That night he wired to the commander of the dispatch-boat, which was waiting at Brindisi, and begged him to reply to Trieste, starting whether he could meet him at Patras. If the answer was in the negative, Trezire must, on arrival at Patras, to work his way to Athens, and thence, by the Hraos, to Besika bay.

He was up with the ladies, and on board, anxiously counting the moments till departure, when a woman's voice hailed the Archduke Albert, as the Austrian steamer was called by Trezire, looking over the bulwark, and saw Mrs. and Miss Lane in a gondola, with all their baggage along-side.

"Oh, Mr. Trezire," said Mrs. Lane, reproachfully, "to think of your giving us the slip!"

"I was not sure you would care to travel any way," said Trezire.

No suspicion of the roundabout route she saw in his following crossed Mrs. Lane's mind till they were approaching Trieste. Nor even then would she have known had it not occurred to her to ask when they were due at Brindisi, and whether they were likely to overtake the P. & O. mail.

"We are not going to Brindisi at all," said Trezire. "I thought, of course, you knew that when you came on board."

"I left it all to you, never supposing for a minute that you could lead us astray," replied the good lady, with the greatest confidence. "And where, then, might we be going?"

"To Trieste first, and then to Patras, in Greece—a very pretty place, I believe; you may like to see it."

"How long shall we have to wait before we get on to Alexandria?"

"I doubt whether we will be able to get on to Egypt at all from Patras. There is no regular communication."

"Then, why on earth are we going there? What do you mean, Mr. Trezire, by taking us this way?"

"You can hardly hold me responsible. I chose the route to suit myself."

"That's just like you selfish man. And now, pray, what are we to do?"

Had Mrs. Lane been any one else than Millicent's mother, Trezire would have let her to get out of her present difficulty, which was of her own creating, as best she could.

Mr. R. or R. was a candidate for election as a State Librarian.

could. But, as matters stood, he remarked: "You can go on shore at Trieste, and thence back to Venice, if you like."

"That would be a dreadful waste of time," said Trezire, who had no more time to waste.

"Well, it would be a hardly know what else to suggest."

"Oh, Mr. Trezire, do help us!" said the distressed mother, in weeping accents, Millicent following suit.

"I will do my best. But I can really promise nothing. You must wait till we arrive at Trieste."

Trezire hoped to find there a reply from the commander of the dispatch boat. If it were favorable, the rest would be easy.

A telegraphic message was brought on board directly the steamer got into the harbor. Trezire managed to receive it without being observed. He read it privately, and for an hour or two said nothing more to the Lanes. He went on shore, in fact, and kept out of their way, returning, just before the steamer again started, with an open telegram in his hand.

"It is all right, I'm happy to say; though you will have to go on to Patras, as originally intended," said Trezire, who was now Mr. Lane's face fell.

"But there we shall find a government steamer waiting for us—one of the dispatch boats. See, here is the telegram from Capt. Rattlin, R. N.:"

"Trezire, Trezire! Will call for you at Patras, and take you on."

"Trezire, Trezire! Will call for you at Patras, and take you on."

It is quite marvelous—the power you wield!" murmured Mrs. Lane, with astonishment. "You can control the movements of men-of-war, and even the British consuls are at your beck and call."

The rest of the voyage was made by Trezire under very pleasant conditions. He was still a little anxious about his charge, but he now had the terrible portmanteau, as well as the dressing-bag, in his own private cabin, and could see that they were not interfered with, and, besides, he was at last the acknowledged and accepted savior of Millicent Lane.

The British admiral, when the dispatch-boat reached the fleet with its precious freight, was so delighted that he was ready to do anything to please Trezire. A man-of-war was just starting for Alexandria, and he willingly gave him and his friends a passage on board.

For Trezire was now bound to Egypt, too. Telegraphic instructions had met him, entrusting him with a fresh mission, which he also carried triumphantly through. Indeed, from this time his progress was rapid. He is now a colonel, a C. B., and is constantly on the staff. He has, too, a sweet wife, with a comfortable income of her own, and a mother-in-law who believes that she has at last invested in a good pennyworth.

Grant and His Staff.
[W. A. Croft's Letter.]

To my inquiry about the labors of Grant's staff, Gen. Horace Porter said:

"Grant never dictated his orders; he always wrote them with his own hand in a manifold book he had. When one of the staff would say, 'Let me write that out, general,' he would decline saying, 'No; this order may involve the lives of thousands of men, and if there is any mistake made on account of the wording of it I must bear the responsibility.' His powers of concentration were very great. He could write just as readily and clearly with a room full of people talking, laughing, joking and telling stories as if he were alone. In fact a racket seemed to stimulate him to better efforts. No noise could distract him or turn him from his subject. His mind seemed, like Napoleon's, to be constructed on the principle of that patent bureau, of which, if one drawer was opened, the others were always at hand."

Inquiring again what the staff found to do if Grant did so much of the work himself, Gen. Porter replied:

"Oh, yes—we have plenty to do. I assure you. There were twelve of us, and we were given great discretion with regard to emergencies when we could not consult him. As a rule each of us carried his orders to a certain part of the field, and he tried to make us so thoroughly familiar with his plans and purposes that he could trust us to carry them out. For instance, if an emergency occurred in any part of the line requiring instant action, and he could not be consulted in time, we were authorized to issue orders to division and corps commanders and sign his name to them. His never went back on us, either. Sometimes he superseded or modified our orders, but I never heard of his blaming any member of his staff for using unwisely the authority with which he had clothed us. You see some such arrangement was necessary, for the line of battle was thirty or forty miles long. Each of us had ten or twelve orders, and, of course, we sent back bulletins to Grant as often as possible. He was a man of great ingenuity and resources. He adapted his methods to American warfare. The notion that Grant was a crude and clumsy fighter, or, as his enemies called him, a Hammer, succeeding only by finesse but by brutal pounding on one spot, is a false one. It is probably true, in so far as the fact that his qualities generally show more brilliantly in the presence of the enemy."

Why the Cavalry Can't Catch.
[Chicago Herald.]

A sergeant of cavalry on active service in Arizona against the Indians tries to answer the inquiry, "Why don't the United States troops catch the raiding Apaches?"

"It says the Indians have to live to save good saddle horses each. The soldiers are compelled to follow with one horse each, loaded down with blanket, overcoat, two canteens, larriat, picket-pin, rifle, knife, nose-bag, currycomb and brush, sometimes four to six days' rations, a paumkin, tin cup and numerous other little things that are of no use, but always in the way."

Then comes the gun and field belt, with fifty rounds of cartridges, with 100 more in the saddle pockets, then the pistol and belt, with twenty-four pistol cartridges. "Weigh a man with all this," says the sergeant, "and then turn him loose after an Indian pony, with a shell of a saddle, a gun and ammunition, and an almost nude buck, and see what will follow the race of 200 miles, to say nothing of the buck's mounts and perfect knowledge of the country."

A Movable Country Mirror.
[New York Letter.]

I observed that, in the parlor of a hotel, a full-length mirror did not rest flat against the wall, but was set out at an angle of one side. Bits of wood behind that edge proved that the position of the glass was intentional, and I asked for an explanation.

"That was done in order to get more wear out of the carpet," was the reply. "Nineteen women in twenty can not resist the temptation of getting a full-sized reflection of themselves; and that is especially true in a summer hotel, where the guests' rooms are not furnished with large mirrors. As they walk through this parlor, they are pretty sure to so arrange their route as to face their shadows in the glass at least a part of the way. That practice is enough in one season to wear a path in the carpet. So, at the beginning of each summer, we shift the mirror slightly, and by that device lay out a new pathway across the carpet, which thereby can be made to last years longer."

There were over 8,000,000 inhabitants in Ireland in 1845; there are less than 3,000,000 now.

Some examination of the world with your own eyes is better than a hundred times over if you are in arrears.

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I offer for sale my Farm of 125 Acres, midway between Turnersville and McKinney. It is in good condition, well improved, has brick house and all the necessary outbuildings. Apply to or address me at McKinney, Ky.
W. A. HAMILTON.

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I offer for sale privately my Farm, lying immediately on the line between Millersville and Stanford, containing 221 Acres of first-rate Blue-Grass Land. The farm is in a good state of cultivation; fences and buildings in good repair; 220 Acres in grass; 50 Acres in corn. Rent pays over 8 per cent and taxes. Address me at Hustonville, Ky.
J. W. WEATHERFORD.

FOR SALE!
A Desirable Farm Containing about 100 Acres of Good Land, Nearly all in cultivation, situated on the Stanford and Lancaster turnpike road, about 2 miles from Lancaster, Ky. Well improved. Will be sold privately. Any one in need of such a Farm can get the particulars by calling on J. Porter, at Hustonville, Ky., or by addressing me at Gilberts Creek, Lincoln county, Ky.
JOHN E. HOLTZMAN,
Agent for E. H. Smith's Farms.

SALE OF PERSONALTY.
I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on my premises near Hustonville, Ky.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 20th, 1885.
All of my personal property, consisting in part as follows:
Twenty-two head of Cattle, 8 head of Horses, 25 head of Hogs, 10 head of Sheep, about 200 bushels of Wheat, 32 Acres of Corn and Potatoes in the field, about 20 tons of Hay, 1 Wood Combined Reaper and Mower, 1 Aldon Sower and Cultivator, 1 two-horse Wagon, 1 Spring Wagon, one Huggy and Harness, and other Farming Implements, also my Household and Kitchen Furniture.
TERMS.—All sums of \$10 and under, cash; over that amount, a credit of three months, notes with approved security required, leaving 6 per cent. interest per annum, negotiable and payable in the National Bank of Hustonville.
J. B. ADAMS.

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Special Attention also Given to Chronic Kidney & Bladder Troubles.
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Charges moderate. Dr. N. can be consulted free of charge and will be found at his office at all times for the next three months.
By permission he refers to the following gentlemen: J. S. Holey, Dr. A. L. Lacey, S. Irwin, Stanford, Ky.; Judge G. P. Lacy, Tom Murphy, W. D. Temple, John M. Spoman, Elm Creek, Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Rode, Hustonville, H. O. Sutton, J. S. Robinson, Lancaster, Ky.; Thos. H. Walker, C. C. Christian, Kirkville, Ky.; J. S. Johnson, Bryan, Ky.; J. P. Daniel, McKinney, Ky.; G. J. Bosley, Lebanon, Ky.; Geo. Lewis, Campbellsville, Ky.; A. A. McMillin, Bowling Green, Ky.; Geo. Boboy, Judge J. B. Hughes, Harrodsburg, Ky.; C. C. Shumate, McAfee, Ky.
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GRATITUDE!
Editors Atlanta Constitution—
Before we hand you a letter from a grateful heart, which was sent to and published in the Vanzantian, Texas, Enterprise, and sent for our knowledge or satisfaction, and we desire to give it publicity through your columns
We Earnestly Entreat Every Suffering Woman who Sees This to Read it Carefully and we will.
Morison Falls, N. C., Nov. 18, 1884.
Mr. Editor.—An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and a pound of cure is better than a bushel of argument in your columns. I saw some time ago an advertisement of a medicine called Briddle's Female Regulator and the wonderful results it used, and as my wife had been a sufferer and invalid for sixteen years from prolapsus and congestion of the womb and painful menstruation, and the doctors could do her no good, I was persuaded to try the remedy. So I sent for two bottles, and the result was the improvement of my health in every way, and she is now able to do her household work and goes about wherever she pleases. I am confident she is permanently cured. I am disposed to give her credit for all that she could be desired.
With thanks to the Enterprise, which called my attention to it and to the Briddle's Female Regulator Co., the proprietors of this great boon, I am gratefully yours,
J. W. DAVIS.
P. S.—You can publish this or not, as you see fit, but for the benefit of women, I hope you will.
Any one who doubts the genuineness of the above can write to Mr. Davis, who will give all particulars.
Send for our book containing valuable information for women. It will be mailed free to applicants.
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Lve. Lexington..... 8:10 a.m. | 8:10 p.m. | 2:00 p.m.
Arr. Paris..... 10:15 a.m. | 11:15 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 11:15 a.m. | 11:20 p.m. | 6:10 p.m.
Arr. Paris..... 1:35 a.m. | 10:25 a.m. | 5:25 p.m.
Arr. Winchester..... 12:20 p.m. | 11:00 a.m. | 6:15 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 2:00 p.m. | 1:00 a.m. | 7:25 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 4:50 p.m. | 1:00 a.m. | 7:25 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 8:30 p.m. | 1:00 a.m. | 7:25 p.m.
Arr. Lexington..... 6:01 a.m.

North-BOUND. No. 11, No. 3, No. 1
Lve. Lexington..... 8:00 a.m. | 10:25 a.m. | 1:00 p.m.
Arr. Paris..... 10:25 a.m. | 11:45 a.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 11:45 a.m. | 11:45 a.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Arr. Winchester..... 1:05 p.m. | 1:05 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 4:50 a.m. | 1:05 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Arr. Winchester..... 8:05 a.m. | 2:25 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 8:05 a.m. | 2:25 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Arr. Lexington..... 11:20 a.m. | 6:00 p.m. | 6:55 p.m.

MAYSVILLE BRANCH.
North-BOUND. No. 31, No. 41, No. 51
Lve. Covington..... 2:00 p.m. | 2:00 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Arr. Paris..... 8:20 a.m. | 8:20 a.m. | 4:30 p.m.
Arr. Maysville..... 10:10 a.m. | 10:10 a.m. | 7:30 p.m.

SOUTH-BOUND. No. 32, No. 42, No. 52
Lve. Maysville..... 8:45 a.m. | 1:00 p.m. | 1:00 p.m.
Arr. Paris..... 8:10 a.m. | 3:15 p.m. | 1:00 p.m.
Lve. Lexington..... 11:20 a.m. | 6:00 p.m. | 6:55 p.m.

NOTE.—Trains 3 and 4 are daily between Winchester, Lexington and Covington; other trains are daily except Sunday.
Train No. 1 runs via Lexington and Paris, and direct via Winchester and Lexington.
Direct connections are made at Winchester with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt. Sterling, Ashland, Hannington, Charleston, W. Va., and Eastern cities.
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